



Xipe Totec

XXXIV



~~THE~~

THIS IS DEDICATED TO
Coatlque, SHE OF THE
SERPENT SKIRT, MOTHER
OF THE GODS, HOLDER OF
INCOMPREHENSIBILITIES
WHOM I HAVE ONLY GLA
NCED AT. "SHE GRANTED
EVERYTHING WITH HER
GENEROUS HANDS AND T
OOK IT ALL BACK WITH
HER IMPLAGABLE CLAWS"

The problem is that mod
ern people view ancient p
ersonifications as person
s; a mistake. This manyfold
becomes more fold everyday
but that much more g
raspable simultaneously



XpE BtaC Qrkd Flayed One

Table of contents:	
Part one-music as	3
words, endocentri	8
cities, contours	8
make beleive, the	09
Weaker but more	17
fortified anchor	IV
of Dichotomy	23
Part two-music as	38
building block	6V
sound exocentric	50
Erosion. The floatin	48
g anchor AKA Soil	48

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Sheepch Tohwtehc, a personification of self sacrifice, embodiment of plant, drying and dying, and from its dead flesh (seeds) giving life for New growth. this phenomenon is constant, an ever flowering display reinacted under many titles. I recognize & I feel & I understand as I can, something in me, my mind, is carrying out this process. things without titles or definitions, are making themselves known. everything we know, to the edges of our boundaries, built up like wax, that's all it is melting.

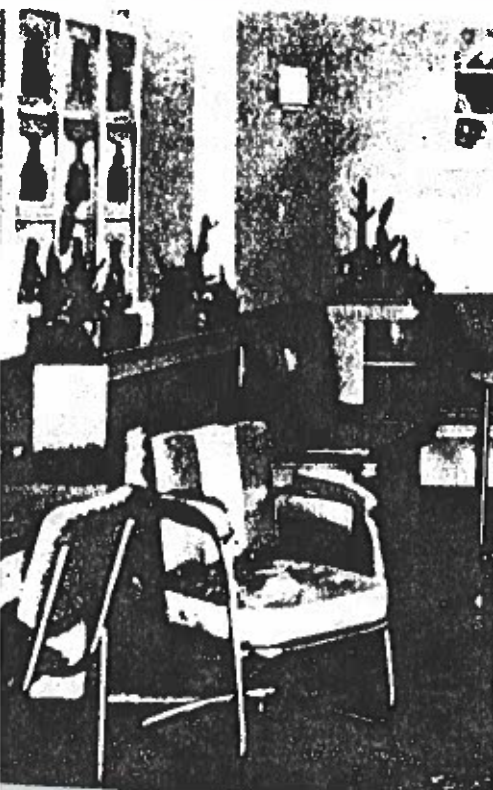
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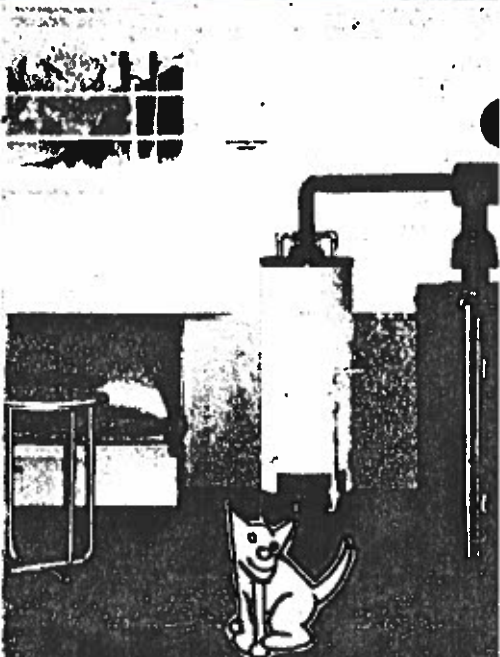
ng. And after that
self and agreed to
it out and preached t
ging them to take th
e Holy War. When
e people cried out
Deus vult! ("God wi

in finding myself splitting
in two and one side archaic
as it is will clearly shrivel
up and give birth to the in-
evitable but this dichotomy
has each of its two ends spli
it in two, dichotomy folded
and its whole, the fourfold
unfolding. I have flashbacks
of my seed drying my tissues
dissolving my baby bursting
and consuming my body, but

ie people had taken
gether, Pope Urban
o the immense crowd,
ie Cross and to join
he had finished, all
as with one voice:
lls it!"). This was

~~none of this has happened,~~
yet, I see a girl and she is
playing with several million
dolls. it was Dolls that she spo
ke to, it was, "Reality" that
she spoke of, ineptly. silly
futile girl, here we all di
ssolve and fill with feelings
of erosion. As you fall apart
reluctantly, I am tearing off
my skin like an uncomfortable
suit, in a city where flesh falls



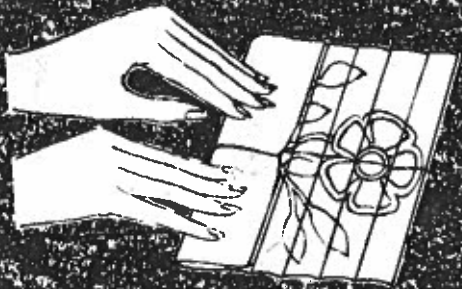


anothermusiclabel:

The plan to create a sanctuary for music, a table, a place to play, (and whatever else is possible) for people not interested in money or recognition or pointlessness, but just wanting music, for its own sake, to be able to play shows without giving asshole club owners cocaine money and new fancy cars, to be able to play Music instead of RockNroll or Pop or Punk or Jazz or Classical or Classified, but just play the instruments you want to play, with the people you want to play with playing whatever kind of music you want, without ostracization

the problems: i am currently moving (to Olympia) and don't have a place yet (or a job or enough money or an idea of what i'm doing) so i will be short on time and not have a location, but if you write to the address in here and write "FORWARD" on the envelope it should get to me. Lack of "participation" shouldn't be a problem as operations won't be based on profits, or on a populace to keep pushing in the same old direction: responsiveness and sensitivity are nutritive. the key is limitlessness, no restrictions, just a common glue of intent permeating every thing related. the in

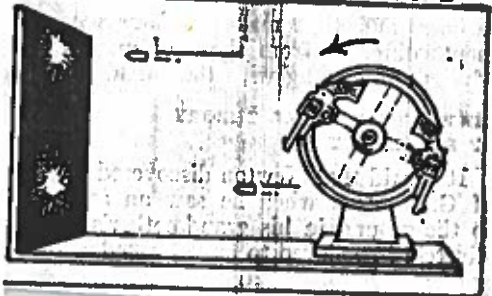
tent to assist decay
on systems and struc-
tures, social, politic-
al, physical and othe-
rwise, and the whole
time promoting the r-
esonance of Music, un-
corrupted, unprocessed
and definitely Uncouth.
Facilitators of Eros-
ion, Makers of Growth.



Currently Available:
"The D-Day Jihad B-Day
Party" 90 minute comp
ilation of Music una
dulterated. The Corro
sive potential of ac
oustic instruments. C
entrifugal evolution
ary thought patterns.
Send a 90minute tape,
postage to send it b
ack, spare change (hid
den carefully or the
postal workers will s
teal your letter), or
extra stamps or some
thing.



1
i have a friend and we used to go
garbage picking almost every day
for a year or probably more
and we found many wonderful ob-
jects and became adept at the
art but what stays as the monu-
ment memory is FREEBIES.
Freebies consisted of garbage pick-
ing starting around 10 or 11
p.m. and taking anything even-
remotely valuable. If it is a
good night, depot is needed (a house
or parking lot) and around 1 or 2 am you get all you can &
head to the Drop Off Point. We
usually used a spot 30 feet
from a big street next to a
McDonalds right in front of
the recycling bins where i



scratched "FREEBIES" in big letters which later rusted. Here, the set was made: by removing all garbage and arranging it in a Theme setting, such as "Living room" or "Department Store" or "Toy Store" or "garbage dump" then get more garbage and restock. sometimes, by the time we would restock, some of the things would be missing, such as games or furniture, but sometimes it would just be messy and sort defacing like, but it was a nice time. i cant even remember how many times we did it. Freebie nationalists unite ...





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1. The automatic center in action.

Dehydrated burning embers packaged for a purpose not yet created into gravity is quietly emerging. A self-sustaining centrifuge, replicating and growing, breathes onward. the set scene dissolves. Each time i blink, it comes back, but weaker. a messenger knocks on the door, the scene sets up: Undefined house Nondefined messenger, fluttering message, being sent somewhere each time i blink, but c

oming closer each time
How can pieces fall in
place, visually, but dis
assemble in every oth
er sense, how can the
message become clear
r the least sense it
makes. how cant i hold
my eyes shut, always b
linking. no extremes i
s the extreme. The int
ersections on the tan
gled string. the linea
r string is just a sh
adow anyway. each dime
nsion is just a lanky
link, a shadow of that
which proceeds it. us
infants of the third
cant look foeward or
backward, but only her
e, in our palms and wh
atever we can put in
them. a pile of pebble
s, not knowing about o
ther piles; not knowin
g other than their pi
le, of rubble. some gra
w, the light show is f
or the pebbles. the Mo
vement is for the oth

ers with legs, and ide
as for them, with hand
s that carry more tha
n manual dexterity be
tween their fingertip
s. the other land, the i
nside people, squeezin
g between cells and s
ubatomic participles,
effortlessly. the ones
where air is a thing
breathed, not sniffed,
as the tiny fueling p
ebbles have led thems
elves and their other
s into believing. The
Movements are not the
holders of things, bec
ause they are only th
e shadow of the thoug
ht that the Walking B
reathing had occuranc
e with at one point i
n time on the stunted
idea of linear timeli
ne thought procession
parades. dehydrated, cr
eated purpose not yet
packaged in burning Embers




JUST DO IT.

Another Civilization.
Another collection of
collected dust between
gusts of wind. Another
er flashing delusion
between blinking eyes
(don't get caught up in
the details) Devotion
to the collection is
the gravity that holds
it together. The dust
that I stand in. v



vibrating, pulsating worlds of different dusts permeate my floor, and cause me to stick to it. I'm flying underneath with my eyes closed. Pulsating movements and moving vibrations. the liquids that fill my sponge, of flesh partly here... is everywhere. Stormteller

made a disgusting attempt at being definitive, mocking viciously "three things juxtaposition, for now after racial contortions imitating," somebody else's pain, "Dust: an interpretation, representation, on a different scale, What everything is, what it comes down to, that clump of dirt



is dust and it is just temporarily collected, but wont always be organizations, aka organisms, systems, are all temporary collections of Dust. Dust is made mobile through Evolution, the History of Man, or of Earth can be simply witnessed as dust being blown into clusters and blown ri

gnt back into the Wind
Erosion: Beauty congeals here. erosion can be seen as the Mover, Movement. This can be translated as Wind, Rain, Time, and hundreds of phenomenon we are familiar with, but they're all metaphors, not a transliteration. Erosion is Dance, salvation, but mostly Inevitable.
Soil: The personification of Digestion. Erosion disassembles, deconstructs, while Soil digests, dissolves, at Everything simultaneous. to stare at soil is to die, staring only in the City Where Flesh Falls. Soil is humble, aggressive, shy and passive. Soil is the Plan. All of these cause Growth in their processes, or the reciprocal. it can only be seen as a simultaneous two-fold being, All inevitable



Nature of the Response

Under The Sympto
 my At the lude &
 Dissolve like
 Every thing any
 way by a thing
 Congeal - Finches
 the catches again
 no catching the
 secret of this
 cum an old
 could be a
 try to get
 will be a
 Help in the
 Sound in the
 Upstair as
 Union of the
 Phenomena
 round here
 Your world is
 not mine you
 all are alien
 a life may be
 they are lost
 heard all over
 the walls
 HEADS on wall

The Garden o

I Am Not Comfortable
 With Having My
 Fear More Palpable
 Than Pebbles Between
 My Toes But It All
 Comes Down To Why Wh
 en It Feels Solid Do
 I Concentrate On Ex
 tinct Animals Or An
 Other Person I tri
 e Moments Before I
 Rise From
 this Chair
 call and som
 e thing and dirt
 y in a no the
 y land uage.
 Follow wing
 Plan sh a ve he
 en Ce no 13 ad
 Int en 311 e
 d. D on t get
 Lost Before Wel
 eave you will Not
 Rot Properly Alone

f Live Flowers

IT COULD ALL BE DIFFERENT TOMORROW AS MUCH AS IT WAS YESTERDAY AND LAST WEEK YEARS DAYS AND MOMENTS ARE ALL SCALE MODELS INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE MOLD.



SELF IDEALS AND IDEALS
ARE ALL SCALE MO
DELS INDISTINGUISHA
BLE TOMMORROW IS AN
OTHER YEAR I BLINK
IM BACK WHERE I WAS
LAST YEAR ONLY A CO
UPLE OF MOMENTS AGO





Recorded at *Dezila* studios®



DustErpston4I57 Ver



onaSoEud1d On44I2I